

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY BLOWOUT!

NO.
7



young LUST

\$3.50
ADULTS
ONLY

LET'S FACE IT VALERIE!
IT'S POSSIBLE THAT THE
HEIGHTENED STIMULATION
OF MY INTERNALIZED LIBIDIC
"DESIRING MACHINE"
MAY BE DUE TO MY LATENT
OEDIPAL COMPLEX PROJECTED
ONTO YOUR SECONDARY SEX
CHARACTERISTICS!!

OH GOD, PHIL!!
YOU **KNOW**
YOU DRIVE ME
WILD
WHEN YOU
TALK DIRTY
TO ME!!



BOFFO • ALL NEW
"BACK TO ROMANCE"
FOR THE '90s

©
Winney
1990

National Dowry for the Arts

an Agency of the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation (formerly the U.S. Government)
P.O. Box 666, Washington D.C. 20000

Memorandum

To: All applicants and recipients of Grants
From: The Office of the Executive Director

In response to the upsurge in applications for NDA Grants from cartoonists and publishers specializing in dirty comic books, we have been compelled to formulate the following guidelines to be followed by all producers of naughty items. Please keep in mind that while we do not wish to inhibit artistic types from producing self-expressions that are regrettably protected under current interpretations of the First Amendment, recent events have made clear that our obligation as an agency of the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation (formerly the U.S. Government) is to the full spectrum of our depositors and as such we cannot condone material that might offend any portion of that constituency, no matter how minute or pea-brained they may be.

Accordingly, all cartoonists and publishers dealing with topics including but not limited to sexual mores, sexual misconduct, foul language, dripping and bulbous body parts, hairy nasty things, and similar crimes against nature, are required to follow these guidelines or forfeit any and all NDA Grants past, present, or future.

In order to facilitate compliance, we request that you initial each of the numbered guidelines indicating your agreement with them, sign the form and return within ten (10) days to the address above.

- 1) All cartoonists and editorial personnel working on filthy comic books must be over 21 years of age;
- 2) All comic strips are subject to random spot checks to insure that all cartoon characters portrayed are consenting adults;
- 3) Artists must certify that all imaginary characters have been supplied with imaginary dental dams and condoms and that all imaginary interactions between them meet "safe sex" requirements (see Appendix A); Bonus points can be earned by portraying only married couples;
- 4) Publishers must pay for the hiring of qualified technicians to examine each page of comic books to expose and destroy any possible "Satanic" subliminal messages and "backmasking" surreptitiously inserted into the art;
- 5) All stories must simultaneously meet local community standards, avoid all derogatory references to individuals' race, religion, nationality, gender, or physical abilities and appearance, and avoid advocating--either for or against--any sexual orientation or practice;
- 6) Cartoonists agree to indemnify the NDA for all legal fees and court costs should depositors of the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation (formerly the U.S. Government) file suit for failure of comic book to amuse, entertain, or titillate them or their associates.

Your signature _____ Date _____

We appreciate your cooperation in following these guidelines.
Thank You.

THEIR LIVES WERE WORLDS APART, UNTIL **FATE** BROUGHT THEM TOGETHER... HE WAS THE **"FATHERLY LEADER"** OF AN EXOTIC WORKER'S STATE, AND SHE WAS A FORMER **PIN-UP QUEEN**, BUT THEIR MUTUAL PASSION FOR **SOCIAL MORALITY** ASSURED THEM OF...

Guilt-Edged BONDS

DON'T
SMOTHER
YOUR
MOTHER!

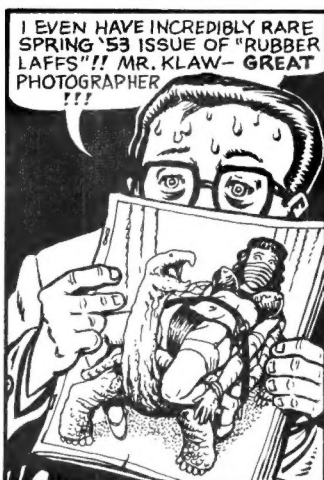
WHAT IS
YOUR
DARK
SECRET?

WITH SPECIAL GUEST STARS
BETTY PAGE and **KIM IL SUNG**

BY
Kinney
and
MAVRIDES

OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE SOUTH, AT HOME
WITH BETTY...





OUR DIALECTICAL STRUGGLE
WILL BUILD THE SOCIALIST
REVOLUTION! THE DESTINY
OF KOREA CALLS US!
YOU CANNOT REFUSE MY LOVE!



MR. SUNG! YOU JUST MARCH
RIGHT BACK TO WHERE YOU
CAME FROM!

I WON'T LEAVE
WITHOUT YOU.



YOU'LL SEE, BETTY!

EEEEEEEEEE!!



PYONGYANG, ONE WEEK LATER

WHERE...
WHERE AM I?

WELCOME TO
DEMOCRATIC PEOPLE'S
REPUBLIC OF KOREA,
MISS PAGE!



IN TIME, YOU WILL COME
TO LOVE IT HERE, BETTY!
EVERYONE DOES!
IT'S ILLEGAL NOT TO!

MARKS OF BLOOD ON EVERY
REACH OF THE ANNEX.
THESE SACRED MARKS SHED
BRILLIANT RAYS.
O DEAR IS THE NAME,
OUR BELOVED GENERAL!
O GLORIOUS IS THE NAME,
GENERAL KIM IL SUNG!



WHAT'S
THAT
AWFUL
NOISE?

THAT'S THE CHOW WON
THREE REVOLUTION
RED FLAG RADIO &
TRACTOR FACTORY,
HELPING ACCELERATE
THE FINAL VICTORY OF
THE KOREAN
WORKTEAM
MOVEMENT!



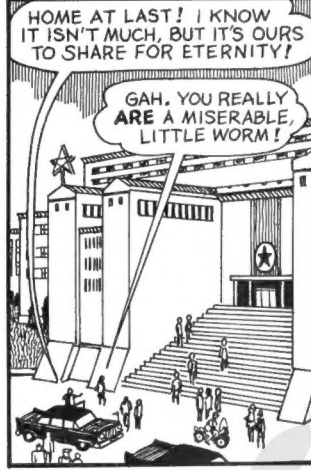
WHAT'S
THAT
AWFUL
SMELL?

AHH!
THE JUNG-HI
FERTILIZER COMPLEX
— A MIGHTY SYMBOL
OF OUR ANTI-FEUDAL
MARXIST-LENINIST
ECONOMY!



HOME AT LAST! I KNOW
IT ISN'T MUCH, BUT IT'S OURS
TO SHARE FOR ETERNITY!

GAH. YOU REALLY
ARE A MISERABLE
LITTLE WORM!





ALL THE PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD MOURN THE DEATH OF THE GREAT LEADER AND FATHER OF THE KOREAN PEOPLE, HIS SELFLESS DEVOTION TO THE IMMORTAL IDEOLOGICAL SYSTEM OF **KIMILSUNGISM** WILL ALWAYS INSPIRE US TO GREATER REVOLUTIONARY VICTORIES...

BUT ENOUGH OF THAT! THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE ELECTS **BETTY PAGE** TO LEAD US TO OUR BRIGHT TOMORROW!



UPON HEARING THE JOYOUS NEWS, SOUTH KOREA QUICKLY REUNITES WITH ITS NORTHERN HALF...

WITHIN DAYS, CHINA SEES THE HANDWRITING ON THE GREAT WALL AND CAPITULATES TO THE INEVITABLE...

LIKE DOMINOES, ALL THE NATIONS OF ASIA FALL UNDER THE LOVING DISCIPLINE OF **BETTY PAGISM**...



AND SO...

LONG LIVE BETTY PAGE!
MISTRESS OF THE KNOWN UNIVERSE!
RULER OF ALL THE EYE CAN SEE!
BIND US WITH YOUR LOVE!



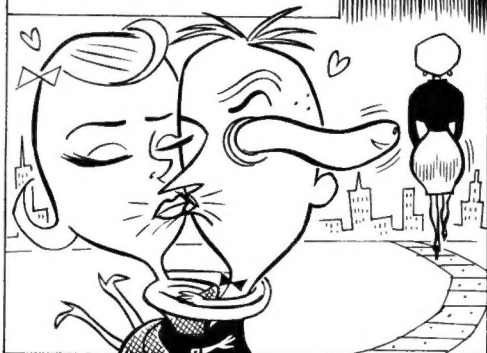
OH BOY!

What follows, dear reader, is the undensored version of that original ballad of **YOUNG LUST** exactly as it was told on the streets of Harlem in the 1900's. Now you'll know why wandering balladeers were arrested for singing what you thought was an 'old standard'...

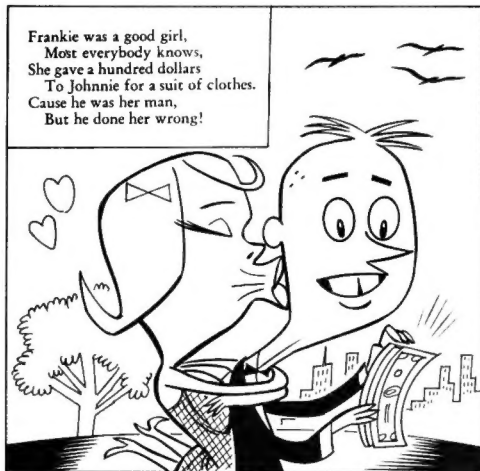
FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE

Illustrated by **KLOWES**
Lyrics reprinted from **THE IMMORTALIA** ©1927

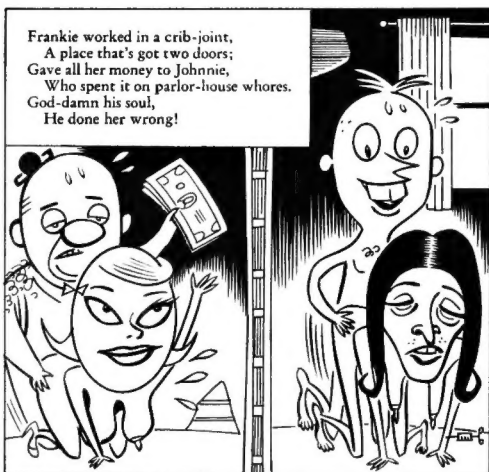
Frankie and Johnnie were lovers:
Goodness, Oh God! How they'd love—
Swore to be true to each other,
True as the stars above.
For he was her man,
But he done her wrong!



Frankie was a good girl,
Most everybody knows,
She gave a hundred dollars
To Johnnie for a suit of clothes.
Cause he was her man,
But he done her wrong!



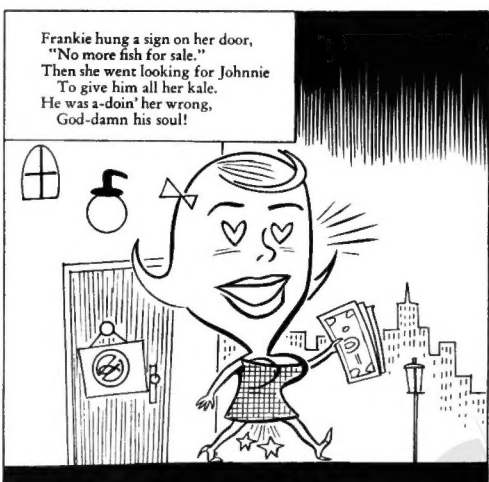
Frankie worked in a crib-joint,
A place that's got two doors;
Gave all her money to Johnnie,
Who spent it on parlor-house whores.
God-damn his soul,
He done her wrong!



Frankie was a fucky hussy—
That's what all the pricks said—
And they kept her so damn busy,
She never had time to get out of bed.
But he done her wrong,
God-damn his soul!



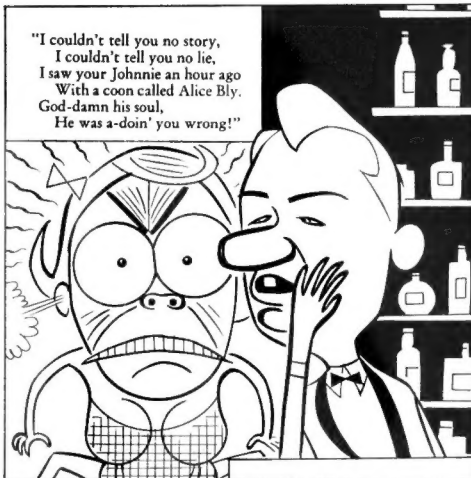
Frankie hung a sign on her door,
"No more fish for sale."
Then she went looking for Johnnie
To give him all her kale.
He was a-doin' her wrong,
God-damn his soul!



Frankie went down Fourth Street
To get a glass of steam-beer;
Said to the man called bartender,
"Has my lovin' Johnnie been here?
God-damn his soul,
He's a-doin' me wrong!"



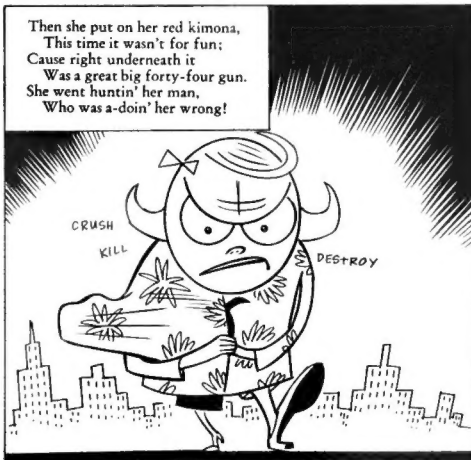
"I couldn't tell you no story,
I couldn't tell you no lie,
I saw your Johnnie an hour ago
With a coon called Alice Bly.
God-damn his soul,
He was a-doin' you wrong!"



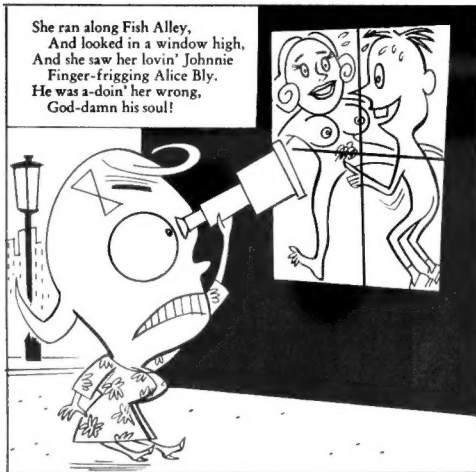
Frankie ran back to the crib-joint,
Took the oilcloth off the bed,
Took out a bindle of coke
And snuffed it right up in her head;
God-damn his soul,
He was a-doin' her wrong!



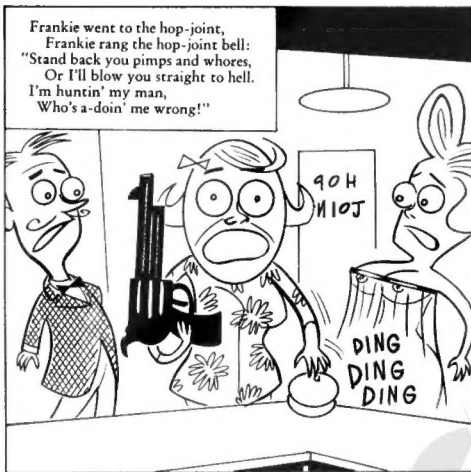
Then she put on her red kimono,
This time it wasn't for fun;
Cause right underneath it
Was a great big forty-four gun.
She went huntin' her man,
Who was a-doin' her wrong!



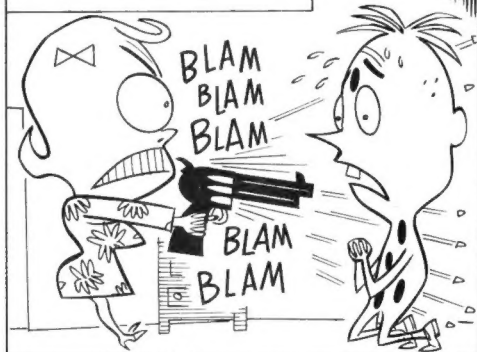
She ran along Fish Alley,
And looked in a window high,
And she saw her lovin' Johnnie
Finger-frigging Alice Bly.
He was a-doin' her wrong,
God-damn his soul!



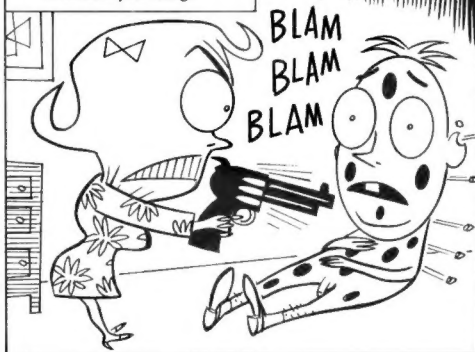
Frankie went to the hop-joint,
Frankie rang the hop-joint bell:
"Stand back you pimps and whores,
Or I'll blow you straight to hell.
I'm huntin' my man,
Who's a-doin' me wrong!"



Frankie ran up the stairway—
 Johnnie hollered, "Please don't shoot!"
 But Frankie raised the forty-four
 And went five times, root-ti-toot.
 She shot her man,
 'Cause he done her wrong!"



"Turn me over Frankie,
 Turn me over slow;
 A bullet got me on my right side,
 Oh Gawd! It hurts me so.
 You've killed your man,
 But I done you wrong!"



Then came the scene in the courthouse:
 Frankie said, as bold as brass,
 "Judge, I didn't shoot him in the third degree,
 I shot him in his big fat ass;
 'Cause he was my man,
 An' was a-doin' me wrong!"



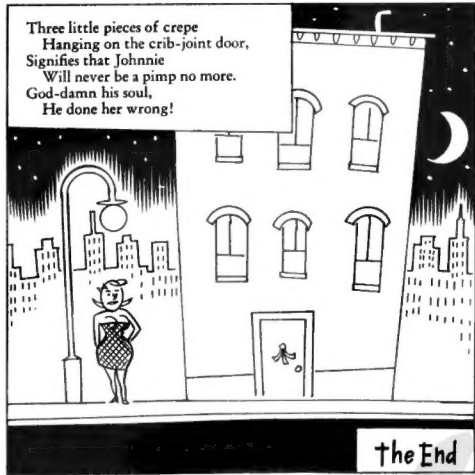
Bring out your rubber-tired hearse.
 Bring out your rubber-tired hacks.
 Hearse to take Johnnie to the cemetery;
 Hacks to bring all the whores back:
 For he's dead and gone,
 'Cause he done her wrong!"



The sergeant said to Frankie,
 "It may all be for the best,
 He always chased 'round parlor-house whores,
 He sure was an awful pest;
 Now he's dead and gone,
 He was a-doin' you wrong!"



Three little pieces of crepe
 Hanging on the crib-joint door,
 Signifies that Johnnie
 Will never be a pimp no more.
 God-damn his soul,
 He done her wrong!"



The End

HOT TEARS

for

Tamara

NOT TONIGHT,
VERNETTE...
...I'M NOT IN
TH' MOOD!!!

with
**CLAUDE
FUNSTON**

©1990 BILL GRIFFITH

CLAUDE? WHAT
IS IT?? I'M WORRIED
ABOUT YOU, SUGAR.
...MAYBE YOU'RE
PUTTIN' IN TOO MUCH
OVERTIME DOWN
AT TH' TOYOTA
PLANT---

I FOUND
TH'
PLEASURE
MITTEN!!

WE USED T'HAVE SUCH
A BALL, SUGAR... REMEM-
BER YOU USED T'CALL ME
YOUR "LI'L DOUBLE
LOVE SCOOPS"? C'MON,
I GOT SOME OF THAT NEW
STUD DELAY SPRAY!

LOOK, VERNETTE!!
YOU'RE MORE WOMAN
THAN ANY SANE MAN
COULD WANT! BUT IT'S
NO USE! I STILL CAN'T
GET HER OUT OF
MY MIND!!!

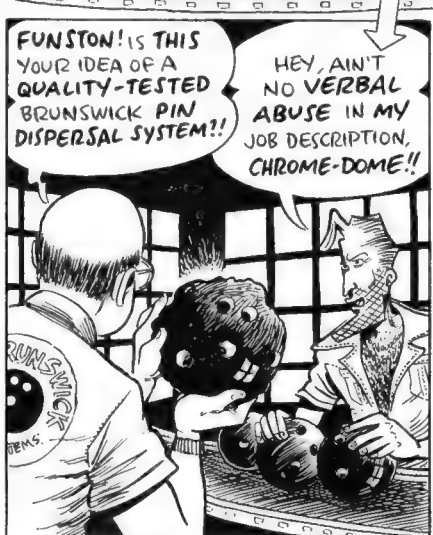
IT ALL STARTED A COUPLA YEARS BACK... I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I WAS OUTTA CONTROL... **A DUDE OBSESSED....**



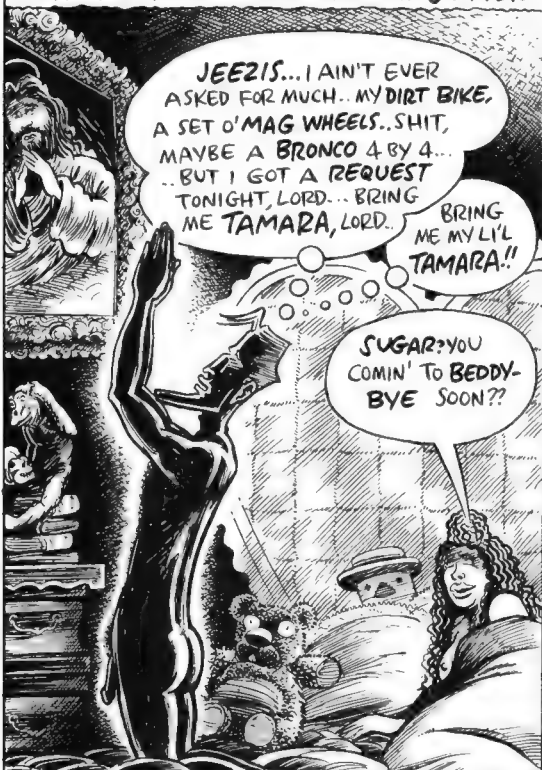
TAMARV WROTE TH' "GOLF GAB" COLUMN FOR TH' LOCAL PAPER...WELL, NOT A PAPER, EXACTLY, MORE LIKE A "PENNY SAVER" TYPE O' THING..BUT CLASSY..



A CAREER IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT HAD ALWAYS BEEN MY LIFE'S AMBITION.. BUT NOW I SACRIFICED EVEN THAT AT TAMARA'S ALTAR!!



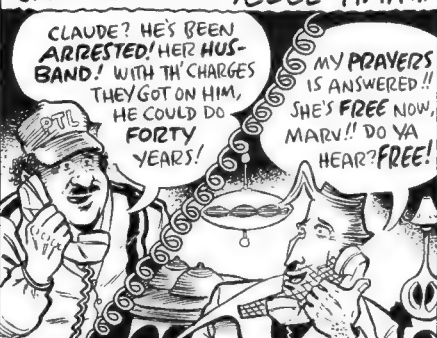
LOVE IS FUNNY--LIKE BOWLING... ONE MINUTE, YOU'RE STARIN' AT A SEVEN-TEN SPLIT AND TH' NEXT, YOU'RE CAREENIN' HELL-BENT DOWN TH' GUTTER..



I HEARD SHE WAS LIVIN' IN A CONDO JUST OUTSIDE ORLANDO.. HELL, AFTER WE GOT HITCHED, I COULD SHOW HER DISNEYWORLD AND THE MGM STUDIO TOUR!!



THEN IT HAPPENED... I GOT TH' NEWS FROM MARV.. TH' NEWS THAT SENT MY SPIRIT SOARIN'--- YEEEE-HAH!!!



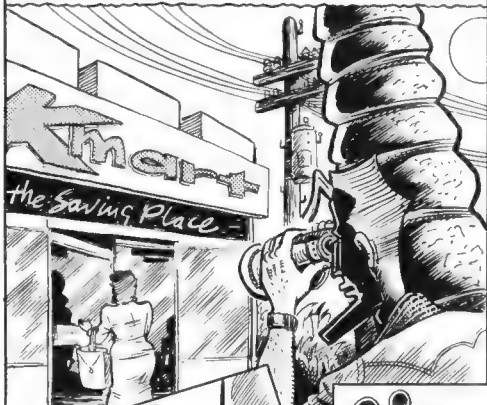
I GOT RIGHT DOWN TO "HOUSE OF ECSTASY" WHERE THEY STILL KNOW HOW TO MAKE A MAN LOOK GOOD TO WOMEN.. & AT A DISCOUNT!



MY HEART WAS POUNDIN' LIKE A BALL PEEN AS I PULLED INTO ONE OF FLORIDA'S CLEANEST MOTELS!



I FOLLOWED HER FOR A WEEK BEFORE I GOT UP TH' NERVE TO TALK TO HER...MAN, THAT GAL'S SHOPPIN' DEMONS PUT IMELDA & LEONA TO SHAME!



BUT WHEN TH' SHOWDOWN FINALLY CAME, I KNEW SHE WAS OUTTA MY REACH...SHE WAS A BRIGHT AND SHININ' VISION O' BEAUTY...AND I...I WAS NOTHIN' BUT A PISSANT IN A POLYESTER PLAYSUIT!!



TAMMY FAYE!!

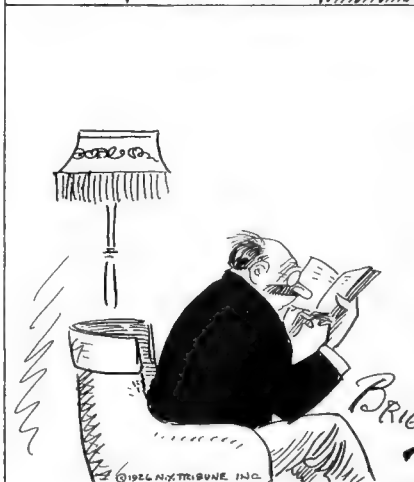
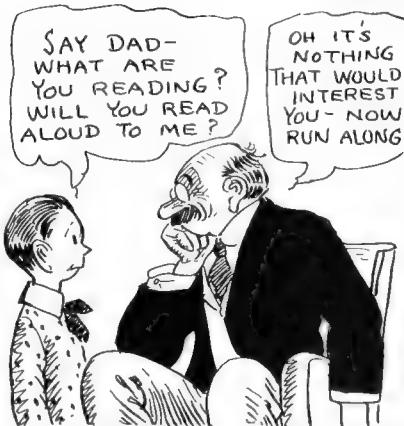
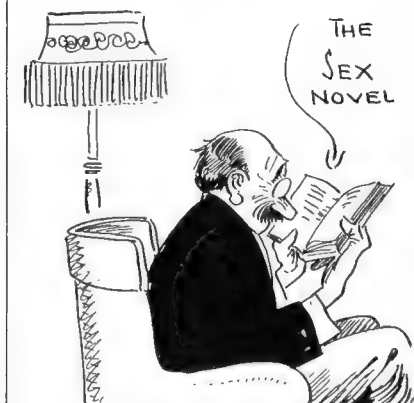
BAPTIZE ME IN THE TAINTED
TEARS OF OUR UNHOLY LOVE !!!



That Guiltiest Feeling

by Briggs

The More Things Change,
The More They Stay the Same Dept.



Clare Briggs (1875-1929) was among the most popular syndicated newspaper cartoonists of his day. This strip from 1926 shows why: it could just as well have been written yesterday as 65 years ago.

HIGH DESERT ECOTAGE



THE WINGATE SISTER'S OUTPOST



THEY LOOK DOWN THE CANYON



HERE COMES THE SIDEWINDER



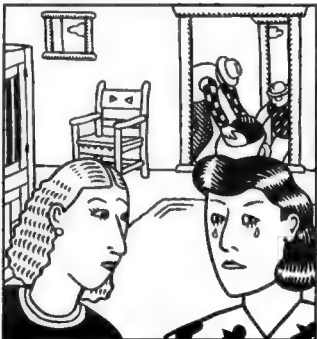
IT'S BEN STRATO



GUIDING PROFESSOR JACK QUACKER



TO THE COSMIC INTERSECTION POINT



MELBA IS CRYING "CRUISE BEN IGNORES ME."



KENR KNOWS "THAT BUM HAS STINKY UNDERWEAR"



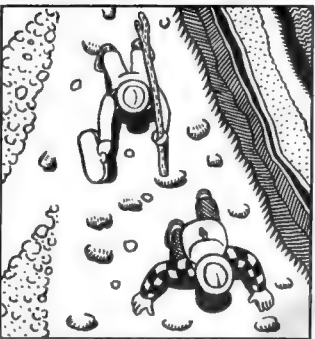
"HEY LADIES, SOME OF THAT HOT STUFF TONIGHT?"



"WE LIKE THAT SPICEY GRAVEY. HRR! HRR!"



THE TREK TO THE COSMIC POINT



A REMOTE AND AWESOME LOCALE



... BUT THE VIEW IS GOOD



"WHILE YOU SET UP I'LL TAKE A SNOOZE."



"LOOKS LIKE SOME WEATHER COMING ON."



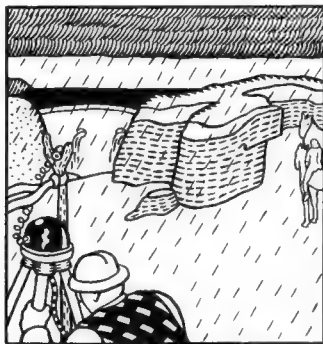
BEN SETTLES IN A SHELTERED GROTT



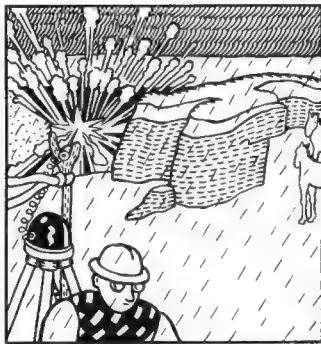
"PLEASE REMOVE YOUR PANTS NOW."



"..AND YOUR UNDERWEAR TOO, HOMBRE!"



"ALMOST READY."



"NOW I PRESS THE BUTTON."



"I THINK WE HAD A HIT."



"OKEY, LET'S PACK IT!"



"IS THIS THE WAY TO TAKE A NAP?"



"WITH THAT RIVER UP WE'LL BE HERE FOR WEEKS!"

**MY GIRLFRIENDS WOULD GO ON AND ON ABOUT THEIR
EXCITING LOVE AFFAIRS AND LATEST CONQUESTS UNTIL
MY SHAME AND HUMILIATION BECAME SO UNBEARABLE
THAT I WANTED TO SCREAM BECAUSE...**

I Had to Advertise for Love

Diane Noomin ©1990

OOH DIDI...I JUST
MET TH'MOST FAB
GUY! I'M ON FIRE
WITH DESIRE!!

SOB... WHY
CAN'T IT HAPPEN
TO ME ??





AND THEN
SUDDENLY,
I DARED
TO HOPE...
ONE LETTER
STOOD OUT
FROM ALL
THE OTHERS
LIKE A
SHINING
BEACON...
BECKONING
ME NEARER...
CALLING
ME TO
LOVE...





ASK SUSIE HEXPERT

**Petty Vindictive advice
from a Romantic Authority**

by Susie Bright



Dear Susie Hexpert,

I don't suppose most of your readers know or care, but I want the whole world to know the anguish I've suffered since you conceived a child behind my back, without ever once considering my feelings, with the only man I ever loved.

Brick told me explicitly that night underneath the table at the Broken Eagle that he was true to me and that my resemblance to Donna Reed was the sign he'd been looking for to start a nuclear family. Now life has no meaning except to wonder if you're also seeing my gynecologist.

I had thought you were a nice woman, a fun person, when we first met that night at Brick's apartment. Now I know the truth. You may say you're a feminist, but I'll make sure with my incessant phone calls on major holidays and letters to the press that you never get a decent night's sleep ever again.

In sisterhood,
Wanda B. Wretched

Dear Wanda B.,

I am a feminist, but not the fun kind. I'm afraid I wasn't aware of your central figure status that fateful night you walked in on my and Bricks' heterosexual downfall. He was actually supposed to elope with Carmen that afternoon but she failed to show up for their blood test, so he gave me a ring. You think you've got a beef — little Carmen lost her virginity, and as Brick put it, "that was the only virtue she had."

You may remember my intimate comment to you shortly before I departed that night — "How do you put up with this son of a bitch?" — and I was surprised at your Donna-like demurral to answer. Instead you huffed into the little girls' room, where apparently you missed the blood-stained tissues filling the wastebasket which Potential Wife #43 had left the evening before as a heartfelt reminder of her recent miscarriage.

Your gynecologist? No, but I could use a good pediatrician.



Dear Susie Hexpert,

You liar. You whore. You dyke. Is it true that Brick fist fucks you? I read all about your lubrication and fisting tips in your last column and when I shoved my tear-soaked copy in Brick's face he refused to fuck me or hit me. I'm going to tell my Daddy on you.

Angelface

Dear Little Miss Heaven,

True, I am a dyke and while I've never been so much as finger fucked by our latent Romeo, I have dreamed of taking your braids down and gagging your red mouth with their length; pulling your frilly petticoats from your tiny waist and over your cheeks — cheeks even fatter than the rosy chipmunk ones on your face — and spanking you until you wet your pants. Only then would I put on my latex glove dipped in finest Crisco and enter your tight cage, where I would rattle your pink nest until you begged me to let you come — but only if you call me "Daddy" first.

I ain't lyin' and you'd make a pretty little whore yourself.



Dear Ms Hexpert,

Is it the case that the groom should refrain from seeing the bride 48 hours before a double ring ceremony?

Proper Dick

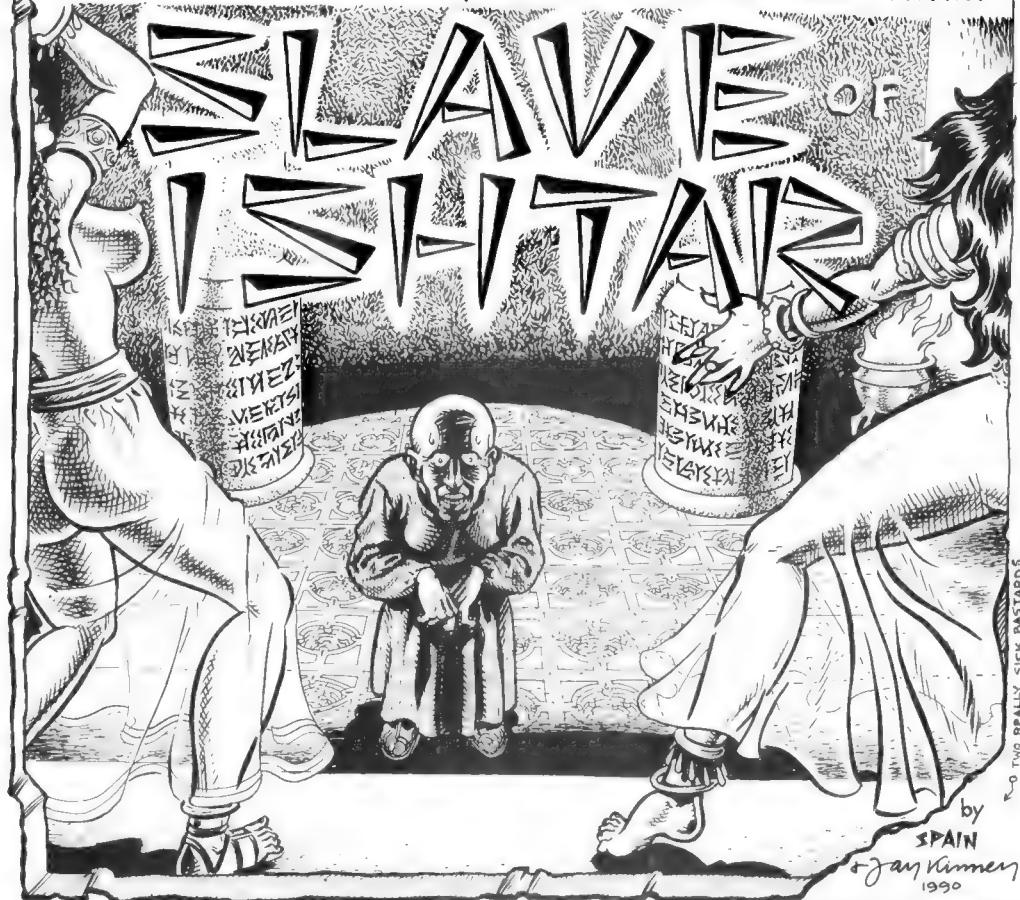
Dear Prop,

I recommend "Roebic K-77 Root Killer". You pour it in your toilet bowl, not the tank, and let set for 24 hours. Now you have a friend in the sewage business.

Confidential to M.G. : Condoms break. Diamonds are returned or thrown out to sea.

I AM NO ORDINARY BELIEVER—A MERE OBSERVER OF RITUAL. NO! LET OTHERS MOCK, FOR THEY KNOW NOT THE PLEASURES OF DEVOTION. MY FATE IS TO HEED THE CALL OF THE GODDESS, TO WORSHIP AT HER TEMPLE. FOR I AM A...

SLAVE OF ISHTAR



BABBLE ON,
BABYLON!!

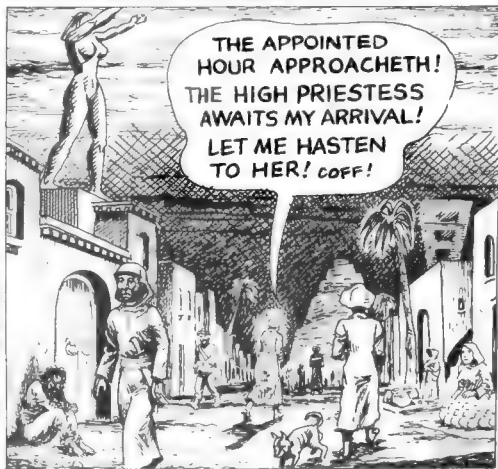
FLOUT YOUR
INSOLENCE
AND SAVOR
YOUR DOOM!

YEA, I AM
IMPERVIOUS
TO YOUR
TRIVIALITIES!

HACKK-COUGH!



THE APPOINTED
HOUR APPROACHETH!
THE HIGH PRIESTESS
AWAITS MY ARRIVAL!
LET ME HASTEN
TO HER! COFF!



THE TEMPLE OF ISHTAR LOOMS
BEFORE ME. IN THESE DARK
TIMES IT HAS SEEN BETTER DAYS.



I MAKE MY OFFERING AND
THREAD MY WAY INTO THE
INNER TEMPLE ...



COME LINGER WITH ME
THAT WE MIGHT
TASTE LOVE!

NAY!

THE TEMPLE
BRIDES BECKON
FROM THE SHADOWS.



BE GONE
I SAY!



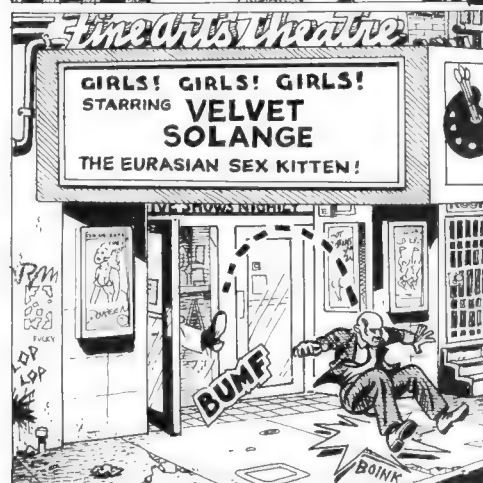
ANOTHER DAY I MIGHT SAVOR
THEIR MODEST CHARMS, BUT
NOW I HAVE TIME ONLY FOR
HER—THE HIGH PRIESTESS.



TIS
SHE!







THE CONDOM
IS PLACED ON
AN ERECT
PENIS

WE FIND OUR HEROINE, 25-YEAR OLD JANA DVOŘÁKOVÁ, AT HOME WITH HER WIDOWED MOTHER, THE FAMOUS CZECH ART HISTORIAN, DR. ANNA DVOŘÁKOVÁ. EXISTING IN SEPARATE STATES OF ALIENATION, LIFE FOR THEM IS MADE UP OF NEVER-ENDING BITTER ARGUMENTS ABOUT MONEY AND DISHES. BUT THEY JUST CAN'T SEEM TO ESCAPE EACH OTHER.

KVĚTEN 1990

P	U	S	Č	P	S	N
1	2	3	4	5	6	
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

BY FIF
GLICKMAN
©1990



AN EVENING IN PRAGUE

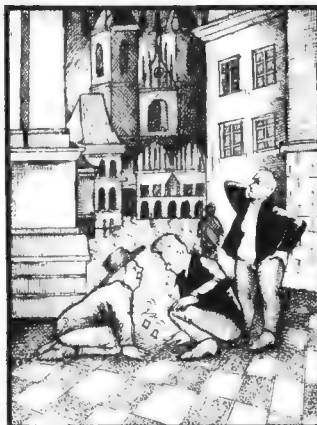


IT'S BEEN A WEEK
SINCE YOU PROMISED TO CLEAN
THE KITCHEN, LITTLE MISSIE -
WOULD YOU MIND LIFTING
A FINGER TONIGHT?



I'M SORRY MOM,
BUT I'VE GOT PLANS FOR
THIS EVENING -
BIG PLANS.









JUST WAIT 'TIL THEY GET HOME!



I COULD HAVE WON THE PRIZE, OR RUN THE RACE -- IF NOT FOR MY LIFELONG PURSUIT OF

Grace

Boor's

HYUCK! :-

SO YOU SEE, MY DEAREST, DANTE TELLS US WE CAN TRANSCEND OUR HUMAN DILEMMA AND ACHIEVE DIVINE LOVE BY DEVOTION TO THE EARTHLY BELOVED...

YEAH, TIGHT BUNS ON A DUDE GET ME HOT.

H.R.

ALAS! TO ONE WHO LOVES, IT MAY BEFALL THAT ONE LOVE ONE WHO LOVES ONE NOT AT ALL.

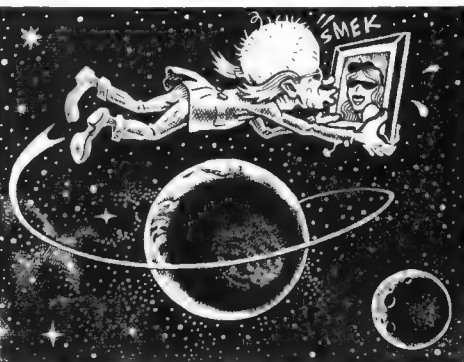
— THE, AH, SEXUAL JOINING OF TWO SOULS PREFIGURES, IN A SENSE, THE SELFLESS APPROACH TO TRUE SPIRITUAL ECSTASY... AH... KOFF!

HUMMM—BABY!

HA HA HA

BLA A PPT

LOVE'S VOTARY MUST FOLLOW WHERE LOVE LEADS — NEEDS OF THIS WORLD ARE NOT A LOVER'S NEEDS.



LOVE KNOWS NO LOGIC, KNOTS NO TIDY
PLAN
IN LINING UP THE WOMAN AND THE MAN.

KA-CHUNG

-??!!@#%?!



THE HEART MAY POUND, THE FRANTIC PULSE
MAY RACE--
THESE WERE THE SYMPTOMS OF MY
SEARCH FOR GRACE.



IN GLAD DAY'S MORNING, ALL THE WORLD
SEEMS NEW,
WHEN LOVE'S FOND OBJECT FIRST COMES
INTO VIEW.



THE HEART MAY BURN, THE ENTRAILS ALL
DRAW TIGHT;
LOVE OFFERS ANGUISH, PROMISING DELIGHT.



LOVE'S STAR FROM NOONDAY'S ZENITH
CASTS HIS BEAMS,
INSPIRING NOBLE PLANS, HEROIC DREAMS.



BUT AH, HOW TERRIBLY THIS VISION FAILS,
WHEN UNREQUITED LOVE THE SOUL
ASSAILS!



THE DREADED EVENING COMES, THE
COLD AND DARK,
WHOSE NIGHT EXTINGUISHES HOPE'S
FINAL SPARK.



THE DREADED DAWN ARRIVES, WHOSE
PIERCING LIGHT
MOCKS ALL THE SORROWS OF THE BITTER
NIGHT.



WHY IS IT I ALONE AM CURSED -- AM
FATED
UNLIKE ALL CREATURES ELSE, NOT
TO BE MATED?



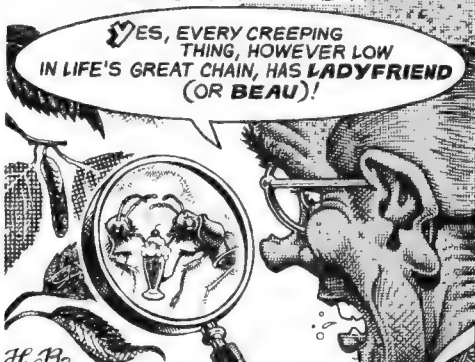
NO TRIUMPH THEN, OF ARTIFICE OR ART
CONFIRMS ITS WORTH, MOVES THE IN-
DIFFERENT HEART.



LIFE MUST GO ON, BUT HOPE TORMENTS
THE SOUL,
TAUNTING THE HEART WITH THE FORBIDDEN
GOAL.



THE LOWEST THINGS THAT CRAWL, OR
CREEP OR FLY,
ALL SPAWN AT WILL -- THEREFORE,
WHEREFORE NOT I?



AND EVERYTHING THAT SWIMS IN SPAWNING SEAS



ENJOYS, IN SOME WAY, LOVE'S FELICITIES.

YET ARE WE, IS THIS LIFE NO MORE THAN THIS--



**BRUTE BEASTS CONTENDING FOR THE
GENE POOL'S BLISS?**



NO! I MUST KNOW THE SUMMIT OF
LOVE'S CHARMS:
APOLLO'S GLORY, APHRODITE'S ARMS.



WHERE THERE'S NO LOVE, ALTHOUGH
THE HEART MAY BLEED,
THE MIND KNOWS IT IS USELESS TO
PROCEED.



THE CHASTENED SOUL, NOW STOIC, LEARNS
TO COPE,
AS I WELL KNOW. **AND YET...**



GENTLEMEN SHOULDN'T DISCUSS WHAT GOES ON BETWEEN THE SHEETS; HOWEVER, WHAT GOES ON IN THE KITCHEN IS FAIR GAME!

©'90 JUSTIN GREEN



KISSIN' DON'T LAST... GOOD COOKIN' DO.

The Original
DOG-BOY in

"EAT & TELL"

©'74

2/74

I OFTEN SAVORED THE PRAWNS AND TOFU OF A DARK-EYED JEWISH GIRL. ONE NIGHT I FOUND A COUPLE OF EGG-STAINED PLATES IN HER SINK!



BUT I WAS A GLUTTON FOR PUNISHMENT. FINALLY SHE THREW ME OUT LIKE I WAS HOT-DOG WATER. SO THEN I GOT A LOOK-ALIKE.



I COULD TELL JUST FROM THE WAY SHE BEHAVED DURING OUR FIRST BREAK-FAST THAT IT WOULDN'T EVER BE SIMPATICO!!!



SO I TOOK MY TROUBLES TO A YOUNGER WOMAN WHO SHOWED ME THE SECRET OF EGGPLANT PARMIGIANA!



THOUGH SHE WAS A FUN GAL AND HER BREASTS WERE AS BIG AS MELONS, I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HER COKE HABIT.



BESIDES, THE MOON WAS STILL A SAD REMINDER TO ME OF THE MENSTRUAL CYCLE OF THE UNFAITHFUL PRAWN COOKER.



BEFORE LONG I WAS EATING TRADITIONAL JAPANESE CUISINE WITH A DAUGHTER OF NIPPON.



GUESS THAT'S WHEN I STARTED TO DEVELOP A SLIGHT POT-BELLY.



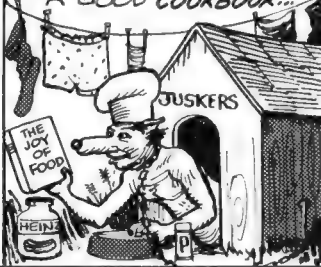
LET'S SEE--NEXT... OH YEAH! THOSE DAMN FRITTATAS WITH MY BEST FRIEND'S EX-WIFE.



ONE NIGHT SHE STARTED SOBBING AT SOME PIZZA JOINT. THAT WAS MY EXIT CUE.



SO THEN I TRADED MY "LITTLE BLACK BOOK" FOR A GOOD COOKBOOK...



AND WHEN I LOOK UP AT THE MOON, I DON'T CARE WHO'S GOT THE RAG ON!





LEE BINSWANGER

Entertainment Tonight

© 1990





Young Lust

was founded in 1970 by Bill Griffith and Jay Kinney. The first issue alone has sold over 200,000 copies over the years, making it one of the most popular underground comix. This is our seventh issue.

Contributors this issue (in order of appearance): **Jay Kinney** (Editor; "Guilt Edged Bonds," "Slave of Ishtar," "Strip Tease,") edits *Gnosis Magazine*, co-founded *Young Lust*, and founded *Anarchy Comics*.

Paul Mavrides ("Guilt Edged Bonds") edits *Anarchy Comics* and collaborates with Gilbert Shelton on "The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers."

Daniel Clowes ("Frankie & Johnnie") is creator of *Lloyd Llewellyn* and *Eightball* comix.

Bill Griffith ("Hot Tears for Tamara") co-founded *Young Lust* and is the creator of *Zippy the Pinhead*.

Clare Briggs ("That Guiltiest Feeling") was one of the most popular cartoonists of the 1920's.

Michael McMillan ("High Desert Ecotage") is a printmaker, sculptor, and graphic artist who has previously appeared in *Young Lust*.

Diane Noomin ("I Had to Advertise for Love") is editor of *Twisted Sisters: A Collection of Bad Girl Art* and creator of Didi Glitz, star of *True Glitz*.

Susie Bright (Editor; "Ask Susie Hexpert") edits *On Our Backs* (see below) and is the author of the recently published *Susie Sexpert's Lesbian Sexworld*.

Spain Rodriguez ("Slave of Ishtar," "The Sexist") regularly appears in *Zap Comics*, *Screw*, and *Thrasher*.

Phoebe Gloeckner ("An Evening in Prague") is a medical illustrator who has appeared in *Wimmen's*, *The Atrocity Exhibition*, *Young Lust*, and *Weirdo*.

Hal Robins ("Grace") has appeared in "Bob's" *Favorite Comics*, *Anarchy*, *Rip Off Magazine*, and *Gnosis*.

Justin Green ("Eat & Tell") created the immortal *Binky Brown Meets the Holy Virgin Mary*.

Lee Binswanger ("Entertainment Tonight") has appeared in *Wimmen's*, *Renegade Romance*, and *Rip Off Comics*.

Jennifer Camper ("A Teen Guide to Dating") draws a weekly comic strip for *OutWeek* and has had comics in *On Our Backs*.

All work is © 1990 by the respective artists, unless otherwise noted.

ON OUR BACKS



The Most Provocative Sex Magazine Just Happens to be Lesbian. On-the-mark sexual politics, first-rate fiction, unique pictoricals. Authentic and intelligent, *On Our Backs* will change your attitude forever about sex magazines. Edited by Susie Bright. Sample: \$6, 6 issue sub: \$28, from:

On Our Backs, 526 Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Comics for "Adult Children"!!

Are you **RECOVERING** from yet another disappointing attempt to find comics that deliver the goods? Do you have a **DYSFUNCTIONAL RELATIONSHIP** with your local comics store which stocks only **CLEAN** and **SOBER** comic books? If so, you may need to call upon a **HIGHER POWER** such as Last Gasp to satisfy your comic-reading needs. Here's our easy **12 STEP** program for comic satisfaction:

THE TWELVE STEPS

1. Admit that you cannot find good comics.
2. Come to believe that a Power greater than yourself can supply you with choice goods.
3. Make a decision to turn to Last Gasp for top comic items.
4. Make a searching inventory of your comic collection.
5. Admit to Last Gasp exactly what items you are missing.
6. Send payment for those items, being sure to include \$2 per order for postage & handling.
7. Include an age statement that you are over eighteen.
8. Wait patiently for delivery.
9. Rip open the package when it finally arrives.
10. Read each comic carefully, noting your favorite artists and titles.
11. Peruse the Last Gasp catalog for other likely items of quality entertainment.
12. Order further comics and carry the message of your good comics program to other fans.

You'll be sure to enjoy the following comics published by Last Gasp:

YOUNG LUST (the original sex and romance satire comic): #1, #5, #6 — \$2.50 each.

ANARCHY (anti-politics and yuks for the irate): #1, #2, #3, #4 — \$2.50 each.

HUP (R. Crumb's latest brain fevers): #1, #2, #3 — \$2.50 each.

Complete catalog of comics and books available from Last Gasp is \$1 (included free with order.) Add \$2.00 per order for shipping and handling. Please include age statement. You must be over 18 to order.

LAST GASP
P.O. Box 410067
San Francisco, CA 94141

THE SEXIST

HE LIVED BY LUST ALONE

STORY AND ART - SPAIN

I WANT IT
I WANT IT
I WANT IT



© SPAIN RODRIGUEZ '90

GEEZE! I SHOULDN'T HAVE
GONE DOWN ON
LOIS



HI RONNIE

IF I KISS
HER SHE'LL
SMELL PUSSY ON
MY BREATH FOR
SURE



OOOH! YOU
KNOW JUST
THE RIGHT
WAY TO SAY
HI

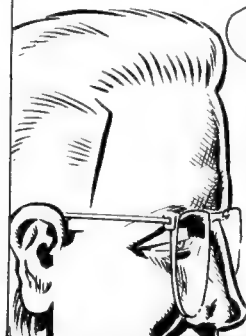




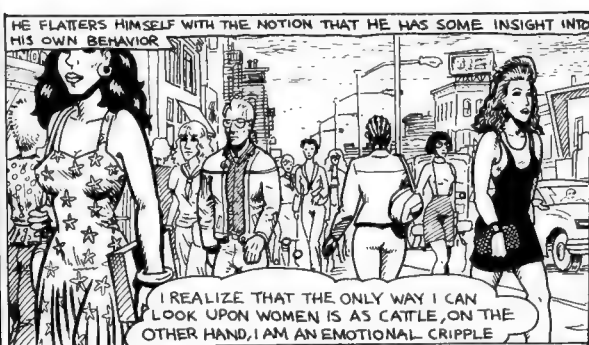
THE SEXIST: HE IS INCAPABLE OF SEEING WOMEN AS ANYTHING OTHER THAN SEXUAL OBJECTS

I JUST GOTTA REMEMBER YA CAN'T FUCK EM ALL

HE THINKS HE HAS IT ALL FIGURED OUT



THE THING THAT TURNS ON WOMEN THE MOST IS THE SAME THING THAT TURNS ON MEN...



HE FLATTERS HIMSELF WITH THE NOTION THAT HE HAS SOME INSIGHT INTO HIS OWN BEHAVIOR

I REALIZE THAT THE ONLY WAY I CAN LOOK UPON WOMEN IS AS CATTLE, ON THE OTHER HAND, I AM AN EMOTIONAL CRIPPLE



HE SIMPLY DOESN'T SEEM TO GRASP THAT WOMEN HAVE BEEN MADE THIS WAY BY CENTURIES OF SOCIAL CONDITIONING BY THE MEDIA

MMM. I'M SO FINE

...THEMSELVES!

DON'T LET 'EM KID YA

REMEMBER, EVERY WOMAN THAT EVER LIVED OR EVER WILL LIVE, MARGARET THATCHER, MOTHER THERESA, YOUR MOTHER, MY MOTHER, HAD AT LEAST ONE MOMENT IN THEIR LIFE WHEN THEY WERE **HOT**. WHEN THE RIGHT GUY WITH THE RIGHT LINE COULD HAVE GOTTEN IN THEIR DRAWERS



INDEED HE DOESN'T EVEN SEEM TO CARE



THE SWEET BLOOD!

IT'S O.K., WE'RE MARRIED

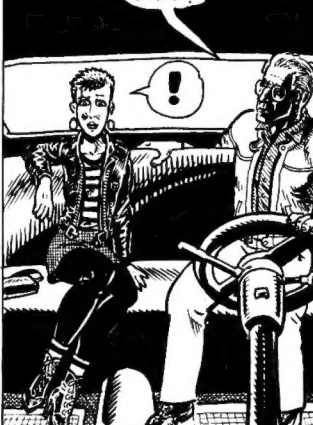
ST CATHERINE OF SIENA SAID THAT SHE WAS MARRIED TO CHRIST NOT WITH A RING OF GOLD BUT WITH A RING OF FLESH THAT WAS SEPARATED FROM HIM DURING CIRCUMCISION. WE'RE TALKING VERY HOT FANTASY LIFE HERE.



AND REMEMBER, DUDES, IF YOU'RE GONNA COME ON, AT LEAST HAVE THE BALLS TO DO IT WHEN THE REST OF THE GUYS AREN'T AROUND. WHO KNOWS, SHE MIGHT GO FOR IT.



THIS LINE HAS ACTUALLY BEEN KNOWN TO WORK... SO HOW ABOUT FUCKING AND SUCKING, YOU LIKE THAT KINDA STUFF?



WHY YOU EGOTISTICAL BASTARD!

WE DON'T NEED YOUR MISOGYNISTIC RANTINGS. WOMEN WERE NOT PUT ON THIS EARTH FOR MEN TO FUCK. WE'RE NOT JUST SEX OBJECTS HERE FOR YOUR PLEASURE.



'SEX OBJECT'? WHAT ARE WE, LADIES ~~WHEN~~ I MEAN WOMEN, DISEMBODED SPIRITS? WE'RE ALL FLESH AND BLOOD HUMAN BEINGS. WHAT'S WRONG WITH FEELING PHYSICALLY ATTRACTED TO SOMEONE? I'M JUST SAYING THAT ALL WOMEN AS WELL AS MEN FEEL SEXUAL STIRRING AT LEAST ONCE IN THEIR LIFE. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?



WE STILL AIN'T SATISFIED. WE DON'T SEE ANY WOMEN ON THE OTHER PAGES OF THIS STRIP THAT LOOK LIKE ANY OF US



THAT'S BECAUSE A LOW LIFE BITCH LIKE YOURSELF IS CLEARLY UNWORTHY OF EVEN TOUCHING MY DICK

SEXIST
EEEEEEEEK
PIG
HETEROSEXIST
HSSSSSSSSSS



LET'S PUT AN END TO SEXISM RIGHT HERE AND NOW. WE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WOMEN'S BOWLING LEAGUE ARE PUTTING THE SEXIST ON NOTICE ANY ACTIVITY INIMICAL TO WOMEN'S INTERESTS WILL NO LONGER BE PUT UP WITH!



WOMEN ARE THE ONLY OPPRESSED GROUP THAT IS LITERALLY PHYSICALLY OCCUPIED BY THEIR OPPRESSOR



... SO WHY DO YOU WANT TO PUT SOME DEAD PLASTIC THING UP IN YOU WHEN YOU CAN HAVE SOMETHING HUMAN AND REAL UP THERE. SOMETHING THAT GETS NICE AND HARD JUST FOR YOU....

THE END

A TEEN GUIDE TO DATING

BY CAMPER © 90



DON'T BE **OBVIOUS**—GET TO
KNOW HIS **SISTER** FIRST.

HI—CAN I
CARRY YOUR
BOOKS FOR
YOU?



SHOWER HER WITH
FRIENDSHIP AND **AFFECTION**

AND AFTER THE
MOVIE YOU CAN
SLEEP OVER AT
MY HOUSE!



SHARE YOUR **SECRETS**
WITH HER

THIS IS A LITTLE
GAME I CALL
"GYNOCOLOGIST"



SOON YOU TWO WILL
BECOME **INSEPARABLE**



NO DOUBT, **JOHNNY** WILL
BEGIN TO **NOTICE** YOU

UH... GEE... WOULD
YOU LIKE TO... Y'KNOW...
GO TO THE...UH... **PROM**
WITH ME? **HUH?**



HIS **SISTER** WILL BE **SO**
HAPPY TO SEE HER **BROTHER**
AND HER **BEST FRIEND** **TOGETHER**

WHAT IS THIS
SHIT?!



O.K.—SO SHE MIGHT **NOT**
BE **SO HAPPY**

BAAAANG!!!!!!



WHO GIVES A **FUCK** ABOUT **JOHNNY**
ANYWAY?



- Do you find yourself inexplicably **attracted** to members of the opposite gender? (or the same gender, if it's come to that?)
- Are you plagued by fantasies of sexual intimacy characterized by wild **power imbalances**?
- In moments of confusion and **poor judgment** do you fall prey to primal urges and **act on them**?

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT . . .

YOU MAY SUFFER FROM A SEX POSITIVE ATTITUDE!

This Condition is Curable with **EROT-O-GARD!**

YES! Avoid social embarrassment, political attack, and uncool giddiness! EROT-O-GARD takes a three pronged approach to the treatment of unruly and improper thoughts and behavior. We offer a residency program combined with the latest safe techniques of surgical libido removal and support group peer pressure.

Approved by the Minnesota Dept. of Political Correction.

Just look at what our satisfied clients have to say:

"There used to be nothing I wouldn't do! Now there's nothing I will do, thanks to Erot-O-Gard!"

—R. Mapplethorpe

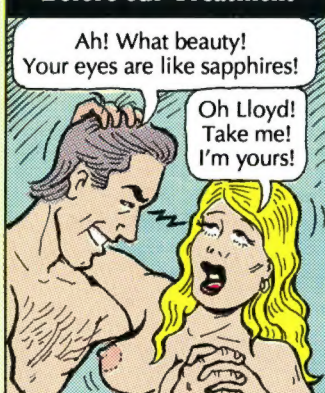
"Erot-O-Gard's aversion therapy works! Now whenever I think of yams and buttocks my mind is immediately filled with images of cars hitting brick walls. What a relief!"

—K. Finley

"I can't begin to express my appreciation for the fine work Erot-O-Gard is doing. My productive residence at your facilities encouraged me to embrace the pinched, judgmental side of my personality, helping me to become the grumpy prude I am today."

—J. Helms

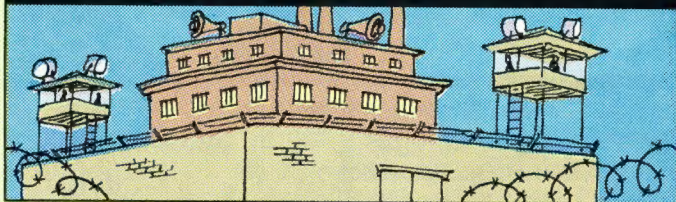
Before our Treatment



After our Treatment



You'll Enjoy the Hospitality of our Lovely Facilities



Operators are standing by. Call Today.

EROT-O-GARD®

"Your Oppression is Our Obsession!"

Erot-O-Gard is a Division of Lustsquelch Industries, Inc.
Minneapolis • Indianapolis • Cincinnati • Wash. D.C.